

Now Ready, at the Booksellers', a New Volume (the Ninth), price 2/6,
in the HANDBOOK of the FARM SERIES, Edited by J. C. MORTON,

LABOUR ON THE FARM

By JOHN CHALMERS MORTON.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The preceding Volumes, published at same price, are—
CHEMISTRY of the FARM,
(AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION.)
CROPS of the FARM.
PLANT LIFE of the FARM.
DAIRY of the FARM.

LIVE-STOCK of the FARM.
SOIL of the FARM.
EQUIPMENT of the FARM.
ANIMAL LIFE of the FARM.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

Apollinaris

"Its numerous competitors
appear to have, one after
another, fallen away."

In One Vol., large 8vo., with 20 Illustrations, 12s.
OUR TEMPERAMENTS.
 BY ALEXANDER STEWART,
 F.R.C.S., Edin.

From "The volume is heavy to hold, but light to read."
 Dr. Stewart's "Our Temperaments" is a delightful volume that is not before us, full of curious lore and suggestive thought.
 Daily Telegraph—"The book is exceedingly interesting."
 Morning Post—"He has opened out a new ground of physiological study."
 Guardian—"A very curious and instructive as well as a very handsome book."
 Illustrated London News—"The work is, indeed, full of curious facts and suggestions."
 Spectator—"It is clear, straightforward, and eminently practical . . . and enriched by a series of excellent reproductions of those from Leig's 'Fetters'."
 CROSBY LOCKWOOD & CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

BEING IMMEDIATELY REPRINTED IN AMERICA BY MESSRS. HARPERS
JOHN WESTACOTT.
 A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES.
 BY JAMES BAKER.

Succumbant—John Westacott, Calverton, Lincoln and the rest, are all apparently studies from life.
 Athenaeum—"John Westacott is a sorry knave, without principle or rectitude."
 Morning Post—"John Westacott is representative of a low, numerous class. He is an amiable, free and easy, jolly young fellow."
 Illustrated London News—"A really good, sound novel, of the quiet style, but of superior quality." John Westacott.
 London: G. LOW, MARSTON & CO.

10th Ed. 180th Thousand. First Free of Author, &c.
THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

By an entirely New Remedy—With Chapter on the Curative Treatment of ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULA, &c. Illustrated by many colour-processed illustrations.
 By EDWIN W. ALABONE,
 HUSBAND QUARRIES, LONDON, N.
 Late Consulting Physician of the Lower Clapton Dispensary.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

CHERRY easily, pleasantly and certainly cured, without hardship or punishing drugs.
 A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (and easily removed) and the cause removed, together with the treatment, advice, and full explanation HOW TO ACT, and in plain sealed envelopes, on receipt of six stamps. "The only common-sense work on corpulence ever issued."
 N. Y. Med. Review.
 E. E. Lyster, Broomfield Station, Broomfield, Lon.

OUR EYES.

CORPULENCY.—Recipe and notes how to become, and rapidly cure Obesity without anti-starvation dieting. See ENGLISH MAIL, 26th Jan. 1887. "His effect is not merely to reduce the amount of fat, but by affecting the source of obesity to induce a radical cure of the disease." Book, 12 pages (stamps), F. C. MUSELL, Western House, 37, Mark Lane, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—ROBARE'S AUREOLINE produces the luxuriant Golden Colour so much admired. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Price 6d. and 12s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World. Agents, R. Hovington & Sons, 21 and 23, Regent Street, London, W.

NORTHERN

 ESTAB^d 1836
ASSURANCE COMPANY
 HEAD OFFICES
 LONDON & ABERDEEN
 ACCUMULATED
 FUNDS (1886) £ 3,134,000.

COLLINSON & LOCK,
 Late JACKSON & GRAHAM.

ARTISTIC

**FURNITURE.
 CURTAINS.
 PAPERHANGINGS.
 CARPETS.**

INEXPENSIVE—FINEST MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP.
 76 to 80, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

PIESSE & LUBIN
 Laboratory of Flowers
 SWEETEST
 OF ALL
CARISSIMA
 "If flowers spring up where angels stray,
 Oh! thine must be a sweeter way!"
 [Copyright]
 Three Bottles in a Carton, 7s.
 Single Sample,
 2s. 6d.
 2 New Bond Street London

DE YONG'S
 PURE
 SOLUBLE **COCOA.**

Guaranteed to be PURE Cocoa of the choicest quality, with the excess of fat extracted. It is nourishing and most easy of digestion, makes a delightful beverage, and is palatable without milk.
 TRY IT, AND YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.
 Of Grocers, &c.
 General Agency, 17, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Registered "SANITAS" Trade Mark.
 Non-Poisonous, THE
 Colourless, OIL,
 Fragrant, BEST
 Does not Stain. Powder,
DISINFECTANT.
 "Valuable Antiseptic and Disinfectant."—TIMES.
 "Safe, pleasant and useful."—LANCET.
 Of all Chemists, and
 THE "SANITAS" CO., Ltd., Bethnal Green, E.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
 'WORLD-FAMED'
BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Fever of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles 1s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 12s. each, of all Chemists. Sent by 2s. 6d. stamps, by The Lescage and Hildard, Contractors, Deane Crescent, Lincoln.

VAN
HOUTEN'S
 PURE SOLUBLE **COCOA**
 is THE BEST, and, although a little dearer, really
 THE CHEAPEST IN THE END.
 The British Medical Journal says:—"Van Houten's Cocoa" is admirable. In flavour & in perfect, and it is so pure, well prepared and rich," &c., &c.

SAMUEL BROTHERS



respectfully invite applications for PATTERNS of their NEW MATERIALS for the Present Season. These are forwarded post free, together with the ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, containing 350 Engravings, illustrating the most becoming and fashionable styles of Costumes for the wear of Gentlemen, Youths, Boys, and Ladies.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
 MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.
 65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

TOBOGGANING.

The Great National Sport of Canada. The most popular and novel attraction for the Jubilee Year. An unequalled success at the Liverpool Exhibition. THE INTERNATIONAL TOBOGGANING CO. are prepared to erect SLIDES or grant Licenses under their Patents. For full particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, 4, ROYALMAKER ST., E.C.



SOLD EVERYWHERE.
 See that the name "CLARKE'S PATENT" and Trade Mark "FAIRY" is on the Lamp.

GOLD MEDALS—DUBLIN, 1883; BOSTON, 1883;
 LONDON INT. EXHIBITION, 1884.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S
 FOR ACIDITY,
 INDIGESTION,
 HEADACHE,
 GRAVEL, AND
 GOUT.
FLUID MAGNESIA.
 The Inventor's Pure Original Preparation.
 In bottles almost Double usual size.
 SIR JAMES MURRAY & SON, Chemical Works,
 Graham's Court, Temple Street, Dublin.
 Retailers & Sons, Farringdon Street, London.

Wedding and Birthday Presents.
TRAVELLING DRESSING CASE.
 Morocco, with Mail-marked silver Fittings, 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d. to 20s.
SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE.
 In Faintest Dress, Oxidized Silver, and China, from 2s. to 25s.
DRESSING CASES.
 JEWEL CASES. STATIONERY CASES.
 PORTRAIT ALBUMS. WRITING CASES.
 CIGAR CABINETS. LINKSTANDS.
 LIQUEUR CASES. CANDLESTICKS.
 Photograph Frames and Screens, to hold from 2 to 24 Portraits.
RODRIGUES, 42, Piccadilly, W.

WHY BURN GAS IN DAYTIME?

CHAPPUIS' REFLECTORS
 DIFFUSE DAYLIGHT
 AND SUPERSEDE GAS.
 FACTORY—69, FLEET STREET.

Furnish Throughout (Regd.)
OETZMANN & CO.,
 HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON.
 ORDERS PER POST RECEIVE PROMPT AND FAITHFUL ATTENTION.



CORNER CHAIR.
 Enamelled red or any colour, upholstered and covered in tapestry or plush, £1 to 54.
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

A BOON TO SUFFERERS.
HARNES' ELECTROPATHIC BELT.
 From Mr. THOMAS DICKINSON, 30, West Gate, London.
 "I am very pleased to inform you that my ELECTROPATHIC BELT has made a great cure of my ailment. For nervousness and depression of spirits have entirely gone. I lie on my back, and I feel perfectly healthy. I have been cured of my ailment, and I feel perfectly healthy. I have been cured of my ailment, and I feel perfectly healthy."
NERVOUS DEPRESSION.
 Every man and woman suffering from any disorder of the Nervous System, Headache, Liver, or Kidney, should at once use Harnes' Electropathic Belt. It is a most powerful and effective remedy. It is a most powerful and effective remedy. It is a most powerful and effective remedy.
 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S
HERBAL EMULSION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. See Wholesale Agents, W. Hovington & Sons, 117, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 6s. per bottle.

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL
 has been known for nearly 100 years as the best preparation for producing
LUXURIANT HAIR,
 preventing its falling out, and curing scalp and dandruff. It has always been considered invaluable for
CHILDREN'S HAIR,
 as it forms the basis of a beautiful head of hair, and can now be also had in a
GOLDEN COLOUR,
 specially prepared for fair-haired children and adults, and for those whose hair has become grey. Size 1s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. Ask anywhere for ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

ORIGIN OF TITLES.

According to D. Crambo, Junior.

DUKES.



Con naught.

Gnaw folk.



Vest, Min'ster?

Came-bridge?

A SONNET OF VALENTINES.

WHEN February's lingering light reveals
The patient earth, still pallid with the weight
Of Winter's darkness, and the dazzling freight
Of snow, which Summer's wealth in trust upheals,
And heavenward turns th' unwary walker's heels,
And lends to dauntless Infancy a straight
And aggravating missile for the pate
Of rousing stranger, who astonished feels
The concrete cloud upon his collar burst;—
Now, when the birds make their engagements known,
And early bass are on the thin winds blown,
There are who send—I can't tell why, I'm sure—
To strangers, who have ne'er with them convers'd,
Rude painted daubs of vilest portraiture.

HERE is an advertisement that might suit an ambitious conjuror out of place:—

Can any Clergyman RECOMMEND a thoroughly respectable useful Man as INDOOR SERVANT and GARDENER? Some knowledge of house decorating desirable; age about 35; Church of England; principal duties gardening and drawing bath chair; parlour-maid does indoor work while thus engaged; dress as indoor servant after one; no beer; no clothes; bond *fide* non-smoker.

Note the wonders of this mysterious household! There is an ubiquitous parlour-maid, who, while engaged in "gardening and drawing a bath chair" at the very same moment apparently "does indoor work." But no lesser marvel is expected of the applicant. He is to dress as an indoor servant after one, and yet he is to do it without any clothes. After this it seems immaterial that he should have some knowledge of house decorating and be a *bond fide* non-smoker. The advertiser had better apply direct to M. VERBECK.

MR. SANTLEY has been recently made a Knight of St. Gregory by LEO THE THIRTIETH. Why not have baptised him at once, on account of his being so Santley? He was in excellent voice when he sang in Spohr's great Oratorio, which, by the way, is a subject that does not lend itself to any Spohr-tive remarks.

"FAIR AND FORTY."—The Thieves in the Drury Lane Pantomime. But where's the "Fat" in this quotation? Oh, the two low comedians have got all that to themselves.

"A BREACH OF PROMISE."—The new twelve-and-a-half pounder for the Horse Artillery.

To FOLLOW.—After "SAs,"—He.

A PROTEST FROM THE PEDESTAL.

THE adjourned meeting of the Public Thoroughfare Protection Association was held, after midnight, yesterday at Charing Cross, Lord NELSON, who descended from his column for the purpose, being again voted unanimously in the Chair. The assemblage which was rather select than large, was, however, well attended by Statues occupying various prominent sites in other parts of the Metropolis, and who, therefore, took a lively interest in the matter under discussion.

On the hour of One sounding on the clock of the Westminster Palace, the CHAIRMAN rose. He said, he need not detain the meeting by dwelling on what had brought them together. They were met to protest against an intolerable nuisance ("Hear! hear!") need he say he alluded to the utilisation, attempted and threatened, of the open space that surrounded them, for the purposes of public meeting. Though when a mob crowded the Square, he, perched up on the top of his lofty pedestal, might personally consider himself out of it, still he could see what was going on at his feet, and he had frequently seen the base of his column invaded by a noisy rabble, who even clambered on to the backs of the four noble beasts who protected him. ("Shame!") It is true they had been dislodged ultimately by the Police, but only after an unseemly scuffle, that he considered degrading to him as a public monument. ("Hear! hear!") He had on one memorable occasion reminded his fellow-countrymen how England expected every man to do his duty, and he would just throw the hint across to the Authorities at Scotland Yard opposite, by expressing a hope that, when the time should arrive, they would be found equal to the task of doing theirs. (Cheers.)

GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER said he entirely concurred in every word that had dropped from the illustrious naval hero who occupied the chair. ("Hear!") Speaking from his own experience, and in his forward position, he was able conveniently to note the passage of the [vehicular traffic]; he could only say that on the last occasion, about a year ago, when the Square was invaded, it came to a dead stand-still. This was a disgrace. Besides, in the turmoil, the public did not even notice him, and he considered he had been placed on the "finest site in Europe" to be stared at. (Laughter.) Instead of that, he only had a mob of angry ruffians turning their backs on him. (Renewed laughter.) Honourable Statues might laugh, but he could tell them that to be placed on a pedestal by a grateful country, and then treated no better than a lamp-post, was not a pleasant experience. He protested against this. He certainly should vote that the Square be restricted to its proper uses, and not turned into a bear garden. (Cheers.) And he felt he could say this not only for himself, but also on behalf of his gallant brother-in-arms, facing the omnibuses on the other side.

General HAVELOCK (with warmth). I believe you! (Roars of laughter.)

GEORGE THE FOURTH said, that situated as he was, he might by some be regarded as the "corner man" in any assemblage that might take place in that locality. Still, he believed, he was still known as the First Gentleman in Europe—"Oh! oh!"—and, under these circumstances, he considered it very derogatory to his dignity to have a crowd of ragamuffins climbing about his horse's legs, and waving a red flag under his very nose. He would be bound his illustrious predecessor, the Royal Martyr, would agree with him.

CHARLES THE FIRST, who, on rising, was enthusiastically greeted, said, that having lost his head in one popular movement, he was likely to know what he was saying when dealing with another. ("Hear! hear!") He could only say, to suffer the traffic of a great centre to be interrupted for hours by a set of brawlers under any pretext whatever, that it would be an interference with the right of public meeting to stop it, was to sanction a scandal to which the mere levying of ship-money was a comparative trifle. (Cheers.) He had been once brought to the block, but if this was allowed, he should have the block perpetually being brought to him. (Laughter.) If people wanted to talk, let them do it on Clapham Common or at Wormwood Scrubs. He trusted Sir CHARLES WARREN would set his foot down firmly in the matter, and protect the peace and well-being of the neighbourhood. ("Hear!")

The discussion was then continued with much animation by several Statues from the Embankment, who spoke to the same effect, some merriment being caused by the arrival of GEORGE THE THIRD from Cockspur Street, who rode round to give his general support to the meeting, the four Lions eventually rising and expressing their approval of the proceedings by a sympathetic roar. The approach of dawn having been announced by the whistle of an early train entering the neighbouring station, the assemblage gradually withdrew, and the local Statues re-seeking their respective places, the Square once more assumed its wonted aspect.

HAD it proved true that, as the P.M.G. informed the public, Sir CHARLES DILKE on coming into a legacy would have had to change his name to SNOOKE, then those persons who did not wish to speak to the ex-Member for Chelsea when encountering him in the street would have had the pleasure of "Cutting a Snooke" without any rude action.

THERE was scarcely room enough for the vast assemblage of Brethren who met to assist at the installation of AUGUSTUS DEURIGOLANUS. Whereupon the New Worshipful Master might have exclaimed, with a sigh, "O for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!" By the way, at the ceremony there was an Anglican Bishop present. Will this Episcopal Mason, in his apron, lay the foundations of a Church House?

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES' DISPUTE.—What the Canadians say to the Americans,—"Pas sea Bait." Directly the bait is not used to catch votes, an amicable settlement will be arrived at—and the sooner the baiter.

IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.



Peer Crystal Palace. "BEG PARDON, KIND GEN'L'M, COULDN'T YOU SPARE A TRIFLE FOR ME, THIS JUBILEE YEAR? I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS!"

PLEASE to remember the Crystal Palace! Only once in fifty years! Am I alone to be out in the cold, gentle Sirs, as Her Majesty's Jubilee nears?

Everyone now is a-touting for everything, Church Houses, Institutes, Hospitals, Towers.

Has no one a good word for me and my gardens, my fun and my fireworks, my fountains and flowers?

Am I to become as Extinct as my Animals? Pass, like my Mammoth and Ichthyosaurus?

Go, like the ghosts in my Courts and my Temples, vanish like RAMESSES, hook it like HORUS?

ALBERT the Good and the year 'Fifty-One, the great Cosmopolitan era of Progress, [edacious old Ogres?]

Have they no spell, Sirs, to rescue me yet from Oblivion's maw, the Truly the Spirit of PAXTON might plead for me, say that the thought of my death is a scandal.

Would not Her MAJESTY—bless her!—object, for the sake of her Consort? And how about HANDEL?

Oh! by the back hair of MANNS, do be merciful! Oh! by the memory of TITIENS, take pity!

All country cousins should plead in my favour, the guests of your great but grim-visaged old City



SNOB-SNUBBING.

Snobson (who has got "Gentleman" on the Brain, and thinks himself one). "A—TAAS—JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW—A—I DON'T KNOW THAT I QUITE CALL HIM A GENTLEMAN, YOU KNOW."

Miss Sharp (who has a liking for Jones). "DON'T YOU REALLY? OH—BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT A VERY GOOD JUDGE!"

Ought to support me, and Bobbies, and Foresters, Maters with children, and Paters with pockets. Ah, take the tips of the Nursery, too, Sirs, concerning my pantomimes, plum-cakes, and rockets. Sure of their suffrages, as of their shillings! Did ever a "bob" in the whole world's long history Give so much music, and mirth, and amusement, as in my glass halls. Oh, it's really a mystery How they've allowed me to get impecunious. Think of my Rose-Shows! And what are you going To do with your Shahs and your Emperors in future? For when I am gone there'll be nothing worth showing. Say, must I pass like old KUBLAI-KHAN's Pleasure-Dome—fade like the Looking-Glass World of sweet Alice? Nay, I am sure, from the Court to the Cot, all will aid a "whip-round" for the poor Crystal Palace!

NEWS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—"We are thinking of visiting Cannes," writes Mrs. RAM, "and, remembering her lamented Grandmother's tour, as recorded by THEODORE HOOK, she adds: "If we go so far, we shall go farther, and on to Rome. The Rome of the Roman Scissors does not interest me so much as the Rome of the Pops. I shall always regret not having been there in the time of the Economical Council. I should like to have seen the rejoicings when Pop PIO NONO (so called because he always replied *Non posthumous* to everyone) pronounced himself invaluable. I shall wait until the weather is quite settled, as I am very nervous, and I fear nothing so much as collusions in the Channel."

BEWARE!—A Morning Contemporary announces a novel variety of sweet things in tea-gowns. One is a dress of "cream brocade" opened from throat to feet over a "cream lace petticoat," secured above with "gold and cream white satin ribbon loops," and comprising "striped cream and gold gauze sleeves." Another elegant article of apparel is "a creamy white plush jacket." We've seen some very sweet things in tea-and-cream gowns. But, take care! Marry one of these, and you'll be cream-mated alive!

BATTLE-CRY OF THE UNION.—"St. George for Merry GOSCHEN!"

"NO ORDER!"

A Soliloquy in the Seat of Justice.

[Mr. School-Board Inspector has just been making application for an order for the committal of sundry poor women, for the crime of not assuring the regular attendance of their little ones at the Board School.]

PRISON or fine? Poor souls! A Mother's weakness
Brings a new Nemesis in our Christian day.
But Law is Law; let Nature bow in meekness
To an enlightened State's paternal sway.

And yet the still small voice of human kindness
Hide-bound legality cannot hush or quench;
Yet the heart tells cold Law that callous blindness
Is blind and callous—even on the Bench.

Here, where in flesh and blood, want-pinched and pallid,
Their smugly-settled problems take a guise,
That makes the reasonings pedants find so valid
Hollow as dream-world's spectral phantasies.

Poor flesh and blood! How apt they are to shatter
The neatest formula of prig or prude,
The dogmatist's phrase-fortresses to batter,
And prove the bigot's schemings harsh and crude.

Educate! Educate! The cry rings round us;
There's reason in the late-raised plea for light.
But shouters shirk the problems that confound us,
Hustling the uglier questions out of sight.

They'll not be hustled, they will not stay hidden;
Harsh facts, complacent to no soft appeal,
Jut forth in naked horror unforbidden,
And the raw follies of rash haste reveal.

Educate! Educate! A popular chorus,
Swelled both by voice of Sage and shriek of fool.
But still unsolved the problem stands before us,—
How justly to put Poverty to school.

Justly! Will the wise world that Education
Shall to pinched women and pale children come
The happy herald of emancipation,
Light to the blind, and language to the dumb?

Or that to sordid alum and crowded hovel
As tyrant and tormentor it shall go;
Taskmaster at whose threatenings they must grovel,
Armed with a goad to aggravate their woe?

No querulous questionings these of dull reaction—
No peevish promptings of sectarian spite!
Harsh facts inspire them, not the heat of faction;
Shall justice not make answer in their light?

One six-year-old pale shoeless poor defaulter
Shrinks from a chilling six-mile daily trudge,
Daring with rigid School-Board law to palter,
From fear of frozen feet and soaking sludge!

Bad case of course! Prompt prison for the mother.
Of so mature a truant seems so fit!
Impatient at the Inspector's pompos pother?
Nay, halting Rhadamanthus, wait a bit.

Deserted by her husband, left to labour,
For three small children, helpless and alone,
Toil for sole friend, famine for nearest neighbour,
Another erring mother makes her moan.

SALLY, age twelve, the eldest child, and skilful
At baby-tending, kept from school to keep
The tinier bairns from mischief. Wrong so wilful
Will surely make the School-Board Draco weep.

Mothers must toil, leave home intent on forage,
Like parent-birds from an unintended nest.
But check compassion's promptings; these encourage
All sorts of ills, home-love amongst the rest.

Committal asked for! Mothers thus neglectful
Of the Three R.'s for the mere sake of food
Must learn, from fine or cell, to be respectful
To Law which loves—and starves—their hungry brood.

Another? Ah, these Mothers! They embarrass
Cut-and-dried schemes confoundedly. And yet
These poor maternal hearts to hunt and harass
Is work at which the Public's prone to fret.

Her boy played truant whilst at tub or treadle
She worked to feed, clothe, school him; 'twas her task.
Here's a sweet moral maze wherewith to muddle.
Mr. Inspector, what is it you ask?

Committal for the woman, or consignment
Of truant Jack to an Industrial School?
Faugh! Cruel kindness in its last refinement!
At least, she feels it so, poor tender fool.

Pleads that such places prove too oft a training
For thieves and convicts,—which one can't deny;
Dares to declare, her eyes with hot tears raining,
She'd rather sell up her poor home, and fly.

Committal? Nay, my smug, well-fed official.
To make the pedagogic staff a flail
For Poverty's pinched limbs may seem judicial
To souls cold-set to legal line and scale.

But widow-harrying and child-hunting sicken
The hearts of men, on whatsoever plea;
The Law must find some gentler way to quicken
The brain-life of these thralls of penury.

Make Education one more scourge to chasten,
And one more petty tyrant to oppress?
One more sharp goad among the rest to hasten
Poverty's graveyard creep through labour's stress?

Nay, Sir. "No Order!" Law must shape and fashion
Some way to teach, and not torment. Till then
The rule of right, the promptings of compassion,
Dispute her empire o'er the hearts of men.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

NO. XVII.—THE PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

It is more than arguable whether DEMOSTHENES might not have made himself an even finer orator than he undoubtedly became, if, instead of wasting time in declaiming to the ocean with his mouth full of shingle, or running up-hill repeating select passages of poetry, he had laid out a few mins in private tuition with some practical rhetorician of the period.

Indeed, PLUTARCH implies that he did actually adopt so obviously prudent a course, and he would scarcely have acquired his reputation by unassisted effort; but, without pronouncing any opinion upon a point of some obscurity, we should feel sincerely thankful that we live in an age when every man may be endowed with as much eloquence as he requires in a series of professional lessons on moderate terms.

The philanthropist who accomplishes this, and alters his client into an orator in a miraculously brief space of time, does not style himself a neoromancer, but, with a modesty which is almost excessive, is content to be known as an "Elocution Professor." He is big and bland, with a booming voice, which he has under admirable control. Long intercourse with Curates has imparted an ecclesiastical tone to his conversation, though he will undertake, with equal readiness, to prepare candidates for the Church, the Bar, Parliament, or the Stage.

Of course a pupil should be explicit concerning the particular career he intends to adopt, otherwise there might be a danger of his importing into his pulpit the blandishments of the Common Law Bar, addressing a British Jury as his "dear Brethren," or intoning the parts of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*.

Let us suppose, reader, that you require preparation for some more temporary purpose than a profession.

You have to go before the Radical Three Hundred of the Mid-Hecklingham District, and you want to learn to speak up; or you are asked to a public function, in which you have reason to believe that some appropriate remarks will be expected from you, while you are too conscious that, even if you could contrive to manufacture a few coherent commonplaces, you cannot undertake to deliver them beyond a certain radius without breakage.



So you naturally rush to that convenient vehicle for all modern incompetents, the "coach." The Professor's mode of reception will remind you equally of consultations with your solicitor and your physician: he listens gravely to your needs, and makes a rapid diagnosis of your case.

Perhaps, after hearing you read a passage from the police-reports, he informs you that your accent is affected by a provincial burr, which he has no doubt of being able to extract eventually; or it may be that early privation has led you to adopt a rigid economy, which still causes you to deny yourself indulgence in an occasional aspirate, and he has an infallible system for curing any deficiencies of this kind. So he invites you to follow him to his Class-Room, a room with blank walls, and furnished with a black-board on an easel, and a long table laid out with volumes of exercises for elocutionists.

Here his first act is to test the compass of your voice, which he does by retiring to some station near the top of the house, and requesting you to remain where you are, and shout your sentiments on things in general. A leaflet which some benevolent person in the street has lately bestowed on you, will provide you with the requisite ideas. You declaim your tract till you are hoarse, and in ten minutes your instructor returns with the information that he did not catch your observations distinctly until he had actually turned the door-handle. A little practice, however, reveals that you are the possessor of a latent bellow which, with a moderate amount of effort, can be successfully produced.

But to shine in oratory, more than this is needed. You must work hard at acquiring the *nuances*, the inflections proper to all the varying moods, so, under your instructor's superintendence, you invoke ruin on a ruthless King with the fire of inspiration; lament, with only the suspicion of a sneer, that you are "no orator as BRUTUS is," and throw a note of infinite tenderness into your recollections of the last occasion on which you saw the Queen of FRANCE.

You may not feel immediately at home with these new acquisitions, especially in the ordinary affairs of life. The Mark Antony sneer may cost you a couple of dear friends, and the note of infinite tenderness will assert itself unbidden when you are asking your fishmonger the price of a pair of soles, or requesting to be furnished with a second-class return-ticket to Gower Street.

Still, you are really advancing, and you go on until you only need the finishing touches of a speaker—the readiness and fluency, which can be gained by practice alone.

This practice your Professor supplies. He outlines speeches on the black-board, and you fill them up from your own internal resources; he attacks your policy in bitter invective, and you make as withering a reply as you can command at short notice; he proposes your health in flattering terms, and you rise to acknowledge the compliment; he presents you with one of the pewter inkstands on the table, and you express the emotion and gratitude that fill your breast; then you present the inkstand to him, with an eloquent panegyric, and he "finds it impossible to convey to you any adequate idea of the degree to which he is affected by a testimonial so splendid, so unexpected, and by eulogies so out of proportion to his meagre merits."

After a few exercises of this kind, you feel impatient for an opportunity of exhibiting your new accomplishment, and rehearse, with enthusiasm, the little impromptu speech which you foresee will shortly be required of you, but which no longer fills your breast with terror.

Your Elocution Professor teaches you a useful exordium, which probably begins: "My Lord SOANES, Gentlemen,—No one here could have entered the Hall this evening with less expectation of being called upon for a speech than the humble individual who now addresses you. But, at the risk of seeming tedious, I venture, however unworthily, to crave your kind indulgence for the few crude and ill-digested reflections which have been suggested to me by the very able and eloquent address of the practised speaker who has just resumed his seat, and whom I regret, for some reasons, that I shall have to follow."

With this opening committed to memory, and glycerine jujubes in a pocket where you can get at them, you go to your meeting or your public dinner with a calm conviction that you are not unlikely to distinguish yourself.

You will deliver your exordium with a few inevitable excisions and alterations due to circumstances and quite natural agitation, but upon the whole the passages which are variations of the original text are positive improvements upon it, as will appear from the following shorthand note:—

"Gentlemen, and my Lord SOANES,—No one could have entered this Hall with less expectations than I did. I must, however, crave your crude and ill-digested indulgence for the very able and eloquent address which I have practised for this evening, though I have to follow the humble individual who, at the risk of seeming tedious, and however unworthily, has, I regret for some reasons, just resumed his remarks." And when you sit down at the close of your oration, flushed with triumph and deafened by applause, do not forget that you are indebted for some little portion of your success to the untiring devotion of your Professor of Elocution.

VAN DYCK'S VISITORS.

SCENE—The Grosvenor Gallery. Any Time.

Elderly Methodical Person (who, on entering by the glass-doors, naturally concludes that the first room in which he finds himself must be No. 1,—to his companion a lady of contented disposition). Now our best way is to begin at the beginning, and go right through to the end.

[Looks round smilingly on some other people, as if triumphantly challenging them to suggest a better plan than this, and, if they can't, tacitly permitting them to adopt it themselves.]

Contented Lady. Yes, that will be quite the best way. (Looks at a picture, which, from its position, she imagines is No. 1 in the Catalogue.) Now, what's this?

Methodical Person. "No. 1. Portrait of Sir ANTHONY VAN DYCK."

Contented Lady. Really! But there are so many figures in it—
Methodical Person (annoyed). My dear, why don't you tell me the number? this is 125. Scriptural subject. (Justly irritated.) Now where on earth's Number One?

[Sees that his whole plan of campaign is upset by the Grosvenor Gallery arrangement.]

Contented Lady. We had better go round till we find it.

Methodical Person (thoroughly roused). What! And then begin after we've seen everything? Ridiculous waste of time.

[Exeunt into fourth room discussing the best way of finding No. 1. Rather deaf Old Gentleman (who has given his wife the Catalogue, and is standing before No. 124). I should like to know who this is?

Old Lady with Catalogue (reads the one line exactly opposite the number, and then says). It's a portrait of Sir PETER.

Rather deaf Old Gentleman (slightly astonished). St. Peter! (Then testily, as the improbability breaks upon him.) But he's wearing the order of the Golden Fleece,—(feeling still more convinced that it can't be St. Peter),—and he's in a sort of Charles the First dress.

Rather deaf Old Lady (without referring again to Catalogue, but examining portrait). Well, it says so!

Rather deaf Old Gentleman (thinking how silly she is becoming—with decision). Give me the Catalogue! (Snatches it from her, reads—then, in a tone of withering contempt,—as much as to say, "You stupid old idiot! Why, you read only half of it, and that you can't read correctly.") It's not St. Peter, it's Sir PETER PAUL RUBENS!

[Points emphatically to name in Catalogue as he returns it to her. *Old Lady* (rather more deaf than ever). Yes. I said so. (Calmly examines picture.) Very fine.

[Exit Old Gentleman huffily to buy a Catalogue for himself. Impassioned Young Gentleman (seated close to Young Lady, who is looking down while he is addressing her most earnestly in a low tone). I assure you that if, &c., &c., &c. Do try to, &c., &c., &c. Say before they come back.

Demure Young Lady (looking up). Don't you think we'd better, &c., &c.

Impassioned Young Gentleman (briskly). I'll see where they are. (Jumps up and hurries to door, returns radiantly). It's all right. Your Aunt's explaining something to them, and they're not a quarter round the room yet.

[Takes up his former position, only a little closer, and resumes in low tone—of course all about the pictures.

Enthusiastic Lady with Eye-glass. Oh! who's that dear little child? Do see, No. 74.

Lazy Gentleman (evidently bored by enthusiasm,—refers negligently to Catalogue). That—(sees at a glance, and says in a tone which implies familiarity with the subject)—oh, that's a young Carnarvon (as if he were some species of animal).

Enthusiastic Lady. Is it! (Suddenly grasping the idea.) What!—an ancestor of the present Lord CARNARVON?

Lazy Gentleman (tired of the subject). S'pose so.

[Sits down, stretches his legs, yawns, and wishes he hadn't let himself in for this sort of thing by an injudicious offer.

Fashionable Lady (leaning back in chair opposite Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, languidly). Who's the man? I've seen him before somewhere.

Aristocratic Elderly Gentleman (most correctly dressed and with a critical air). Eh? Yes—there's no name to it—lent by MURDELLA.

Fashionable Lady (evinced a languid interest). Ah—I'm sure I've seen him before. I've got such an excellent memory for faces.

Learned and Artistic Amateur (standing with his head rather on one side, like a raven, and his hands clasped in front of him). What character! What tone! What finish! See how the colours have lasted! We haven't got such pigments now as the old fellows had two hundred years ago.

Lady Amateur. Two hundred! but that dress is of the time of ELIZABETH. In fact it is Queen ELIZABETH, isn't it?

Learned and Artistic One (glancing at Catalogue). No—I don't think so—

Lady Amateur. It's quite different to the dress above—a later period.

Learned and Artistic One. Ah—yes—very probably. It's the same lady; only—(hits on happy thought)—up above she's in her dinner-dress, and below, No. 6, she's in walking dress.

Another Superior Person (examining it closely). Yes; the one above is in VAN DYCK's later style.

Amateur Lady. Ah, very likely. But (still unconvinced) the dress is Elizabethan.

First of Two Young Ladies (coming up with Two Young Gentlemen). Oh, yes; that's exactly what we were arguing about. Did VAN DYCK live in ELIZABETH's time?

Second. We haven't got a Catalogue.

Amateur Lady (turning to Superior Person, who has pretended to be deeply engaged in scrutinising a picture). Here's the gentleman to tell us. He's an authority on everything literary and historical.

Young Ladies. Oh, yes; do! We've got a bet on it. (Young Gentlemen smile and nod fatuously.) Didn't VAN DYCK live in ELIZABETH's time?

Superior Person. Well—(Smiles knowingly, but wishes he had employed the last few seconds in reading about Van Dyck in the Catalogue)—Well—

First Young Lady (impulsively). What was his date?

Superior Person (skilfully evading the question). Well—he couldn't exactly have lived in ELIZABETH's reign—(feels on safe ground now)—because he was always painting CHARLES THE FIRST.

All. Oh, of course! (Bets arranged, and party moves on.

First Young Lady. Oh, yes. And—(suddenly)—here's the Charles Family.

Second Young Lady. Who's the baby?

[All turn for correct information towards Superior Person. Superior Person (blandly and cautiously). What is the question?

First Young Lady (pointing at seated figure of King Charles). Well, there's CHARLES THE FIRST—

First Young Man (coming out of his shell, and pointing to Boy in the picture). And there's CHARLES THE SECOND.

First Young Lady (rebuking him). Not at that age. He wasn't CHARLES THE SECOND then.

Second Young Lady. And that's the Queen, or the Nurse? Who was the Queen?

First Young Lady (joyfully). I know—MARIA THERESA.

[Turns for corroboration to Superior Person. Superior Person (magisterially). Let me see—what is the number?

[Pretends to be short-sighted while referring to Catalogue. Pause. Wonders whether it was Maria Theresa or not. Is about to decide in favour of the supposition, when he hits upon the right name in the Catalogue.) Did you ask me what was the Queen's name? (They nod.) Of course CHARLES THE FIRST's Queen was HENRIETTA MARIA.

All (in chorus). Oh, of course! how stupid!

Second Young Lady. But who's the baby?—There's CHARLES THE FIRST, CHARLES THE SECOND—

The other Young Man (who hasn't yet spoken—with sudden inspiration). CHARLES THE THIRD!

All (unanimously). Why, there was no CHARLES THE THIRD!

First Young Man (sagely). P'raps the baby's a girl.

Second Young Lady. Oh, but had CHARLES THE SECOND any sisters?

[Turns to refer to Superior Person who, however, has quietly retired.

Artistic Person (with long hair and very bad hat, throwing himself back as he admires No. 11, labelled, "Marquis Cattaneo of Genoa"). Thoroughly Italian about the jaw. Quite an Italian type!

[Wishes every picture were labelled.

Contented Lady (delighted, to Methodical Person, who, after going into all the other rooms and looking at most of the pictures as they caught his attention, is still grumbling at not having been able to carry out his plan). Oh! Here's Number One!!

Methodical Person (still labouring under a sense of cruel personal injury). Ah! (grumbling.) At last! (Examines the number to see if he isn't being deceived.) Yes. Number One. Now, we've been here very nearly an hour! (Appeals to Contented Lady, as if she were not entirely free from all blame in the matter, but addressing visitors and authorities generally.) Why on earth do they put Number One in the last room, instead of at the entrance?

Jocose Acquaintance (overhearing as he comes up). Because they like taking care of Number One. (Pleasantly.) How are you?

Methodical Person (unbending). Ah, how d'ye do?

[Recommences all his grievances to Jocose Acquaintance, who begins to wish he had kept his witicism to himself.

Demure Young Lady (suddenly, as the Young Gentleman is bending down and whispering earnestly). Oh—(sees her party returning, and rises quickly, then, with remarkable sangfroid)—Oh, Auntie dear! aren't the pictures lovely! Mr. SPOONER has been pointing out all the beauties to me.

Aunt (frigidly acknowledging Mr. Spooner's presence). Very kind of him, I'm sure. HENRIETTA, we must go now—it's getting rather late.

[Exit with Henrietta; and, for Spooner, the Scene closes.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Major Le Marchant. "HOW CHARMING!—A—SO DELIGHTFULLY PLAYED!—A—SUCH A LOVELY COMPOSITION!—A—I ONLY HEARD THE LAST FEW BARS—A—BUT IT WAS QUITE ENOUGH!"

TURNING THE TABLES.

Lord Chancellor lequitor:—

Oh, come, my dear PEEL, this is getting too dreadful!
Not yet through that farce which you dub "the Address"?
On twaddle and trash all these nights you have fed full,
And still you are stuck in the midst of the mess.
An awful example your practice affords
To those you are apt to pooh-pooh—us poor Lords!

Dear! dear! Half the botes in your Chamber have blathered,
And still you're "no forrader." Tell me, my friend,
One sparklet of wisdom or wit have you gathered,
Or cast any light on one politic end?
That yawn is an answer. I'm sure you have not.
I should say—if big-wigs might talk along—it's all rot.

True, RANDOLPH has tipped you his two explanations,
And GRAHAM cut many a music-hall joke;
But, enough! what Saharas are HOWORTH's orations!
Your CONTYBARENS, too, are the feeblest of folk.
In fact the whole thing is a hideous waste,
As empty of sense as deficient in taste.

You call us obstructive! Look here! here's a bundle
Of Bills we have passed in our few odd half-hours.
'Twould cheer you to see how serenely we trundle
Through clause after clause. There no Irishman lours,
No popinjay proses, no dunderhead "blocks,"
And so your delay our celerity mocks!

Too bad, my dear PEEL! If your House doesn't quicken,
And quash its obstructives and muzzle its beres,
The Public of you, I assure you, will sicken.
Ha! ha! 'Tis the Peer at this moment who scores.
When the Public find out that your game's all my eye,
"Abolish the Commons!" won't be a bad cry.

Hoho! If it goes on like this, who'll defend them?

We've found a *tu-quoque* for MORLEY, my boy
"The Commons are shams; we must mend them or end them."
Hehe! That's a phrase he is bound to enjoy.
One Chamber sufficient? Perhaps that is true;
But, if you don't watch it, that one won't be you.

CONSIDERATION FOR A QUANTITY.—It appears that in the Italian version of SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello*, the heroine's name, which in England we pronounce *Desdemona*,—associating it, phonetically with "moaner," on account of her "Willow, Willow" song, so very like a wail—is pronounced "*Desdemōna*." Now that "*Desdemōna*" was innocent we are sure; but "*Desdemōna*" might be found guilty of everything, for the very deuce is in the name.

THE M.P.'S ASPIRATION.

"The idle Singer or an M.P. day."

Oh, let no sudden "Cry"
Deprive me of my seat,
Before the SPEAKER'S eye
Has brought me to my feet!
Then let come what come may,
What matter if he go mad,
I shall have had my say.

Let the long Session endure
Till pair on pair be sorted,
So I can make quite sure
Of being *once* reported.
Then let come what come may,
Home-Ruler, Tory, Rad.
I shall have had my say.

On hearing of Lord GIFFORD'S bequest of £80,000 for endowing the study of Natural Theology, the P. M. G. invoked "the Shade of PALMY!" What a pale ghost this would be! the mere ghost of a ghost.

THERE are so many big memorials of small people in Westminster Abbey, that it should be called the Home of the Mitey Dead.

WHERE VERDI'S NEW OPERA OUGHT TO BE PERFORMED IN LONDON.—The Grand 'Otello.



TURNING THE TABLES.

LORD CHANCELLOR. "WHAT, MR. SPEAKER!—NOT GOT THROUGH THE 'ADDRESS' YET!! WHY, TALK OF ABOLISHING US,—WE SHALL HAVE TO ABOLISH YOU!!!"



DUNRAVEN.

"I resigned on financial and general grounds."—Lord Dunraven's Letter to Sir Henry Holland.

Perplexed Premier loquitur:—



ONCE upon a mid-day dreary, while I pondered weak and weary

Over many a Blue Book dull, and tome of diplomatic lore,—

While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping As of some one sharply rapping, rapping at my office-door.

"'Tis some diplomat," I muttered, "tapping at my office-door."

Only that, and nothing more.

Open then I flung the doorway, when, with blast like one from Norway,

In there bustled briak DUNRAVEN, whom I'd often seen before. Not the least obeisance made he; for no greeting stopped or stayed he, But with solemn mien and shady, perched above my office-door. On a bust of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, just above my office-door—Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this pompous bird beguiling my tired fancy into smiling, By the proud pragmatic aspect of the countenance it wore, "What's your little game, DUNRAVEN? Surely you have not turned craven."

"Back of late to a home-haven fresh from many a foreign shore—" "Say if travelling your small game is, are you off to some far shore?" Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its parrot stock and store "Caught from Woodcock, its pet master, who so sold me. Sure disaster

"Follows fast and follows faster. Well, it is a beastly bore. "But I'll tune my harp to Hope, stout HARTINGTON, at least, is sure; He will leave me—Nevermore."

But DUNRAVEN still sat smiling in a manner rather riling: So I wheeled my office-chair in front of bird, and bust and door, And upon its cushion sinking straight I tackled him like winking, And I cried, "What are you thinking, croaking, croaking, as of yore?

What the dickens do you, ghastly gloomy and funereal bore. Mean by croaking "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil!—this will play the very devil With the Union of the Unionists—a thing we both adore. Tell me are you too afraid, in view of an Exchequer laden? Can't you see Retrenchment's Aidenn, won't be reached till scares are o'er?"

Then we'll seek that distant Aidenn, then together seek its shore,"— Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I cried, upstarting,

"Hook it with the wanton Woodcock to Algiers, to Afric's shore. Make no speeches as a token that our party ties are broken.

Twice already Woodcock's spoken,—don't you burst into a roar,— Take your hook, if you must go, but spare us on the House's floor."

Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

And DUNRAVEN, spite his sitting, still seems sitting, still seems sitting

On that plaster bust of CHURCHILL, just above my office-door; And his eyes seem ever dreaming, economic juggles scheming, And the light within me gleaming in the good old days of yore, Ere young RANDOLPH came or STAFFY went—brave beacon-light of yore, Shall be lifted—Nevermore!

A STOREY OF A HOUSE.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON's new Novel *The Old House at Sandwich*—but stay—we will present a sample of the introduction, to our customers, which, if not a fac-simile, is the best we can produce from memory.

PART I. CHAPTER I.—"Inquire Within."

I AM giving my tradesmen in London a little holiday, and for this reason I am lounging about a remarkably quiet corner of pastoral Kent, the old-fashioned port of Sandwich. The climate is most appetising and drinkitising, the name being so suggestive of ham, beef, bread, and fine old crusted. Having deposited my bag at the ancient Inn, I am wandering about the old town. I must not wander too much or I shall never get to my story. I am considering where I am likely to find some one in this out-of-the-way spot who will stand me a dinner. As a rule a Sandwich man is always well provided, as no matter where he lodges he carries his board about with him. But there are no Sandwich men about to-day. I see a notice up, "This House to Let." Evidently no dinner there.

In a shaded corner of a garden I see a middle-aged man trimming a grass-plot. Strange that this grass-plot should suggest another plot as I lean over the railings and affably bid him "good day," and then going through the gate, I add, like *Paul Pry*, "I hope I don't intrude."

"Hos, no!" he says, laying aside this garden implement. He tells me he is not a gardener, whereupon I reply that I am sure he is a man of great cultivation. This is safe, after what I've seen of him among his flowers and vegetables, with his hoe, rake and spade. He has been cutting capers to warm himself, and gathering salad, evidently for dinner. I show considerable interest in Sandwich; I ask questions about places to let. He tells me that he is the Vicar, and having nothing to do, he is in the garden taking his "otium cum dig." It is many years since I heard this joke, and I welcome it with much laughter. The Vicar likes appreciation, and tells me that there is no one now left in Sandwich who will either listen to his sermons or laugh at his jokes.

"I shall not preach to you," he says, "as it is not Sunday;" but like the genial philosopher he is, he asks me to hear some more jokes at dinner. It is an excellent dinner. He goes on telling jokes, but as he pushes the decanter of old Madeira towards me, and contents himself with tapping his snuff-box instead of the wine, I am delighted to listen, drink, and smile. Before leaving, I get him well into an old joke about the House to Let, which he can't quite remember, but on my saying that he may possibly do so by dinner-time to-morrow, he repeats his hospitable invitation, and so the next day I dine with him again. On the strength of being on dining terms with the old Vicar, my landlord is prepared to give me credit to any extent.

"I like old-fashioned ways," says the Vicar, producing hot whiskey and water, and long churchwarden pipes.

"Your tastes are mine," I reply, and then he tells me Porson's old Greek joke about *oude toddy oude tallo*, and I enjoy it in this old-world out-of-the-way spot, heartily.

On my road back to the Inn, the wind coming across the garden seems to do me a deal of good. As I hold on to the railings I hum a lullaby, while at the same time I feel full of a collection of tender sentiments, and am recalling faint memories of happy days. A bat, whizzes by my head. Who threw it? The Vicar? Genial old philosopher! I linger in the doorway of the Inn, and there seems to be neither bell nor knocker. A solitary night-bird going home salutes me with a shrill cry. The night-bird is drunk and disorderly. Where are the police of Sandwich? I shall sleep on the door-step.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day I call on the old Vicar. He is not up to anything, except snuff, to-day. I too have a headache, but I will wait till he is down, to know whether he asked me to dinner to-night or not. He did, the genial old philosopher, and here I am. We dine again. He remarks that my not remembering the dinner invitation, shows I must be a Scotchman, as my motto evidently is "dinna forget." Dear old-world, ancient, and well-known joke! Once more I laugh consumedly, and drink to its long life and prosperity in a bumper of the fine old Madeira—"not Port of Sandwich," says my host, (whereat I have convulsions of risibility and more Madeira) and then we adjourn to whiskey and churchwardens. It will not do to impose on his hospitality too long. I intimate that I want to know all about the "House to Let," and that I wish to change a small cheque with my own signature to it for ten pounds. He produces an old-world leather purse. He is fond of collecting curiosities and rarities of all sorts. Well the rarest gem in all his collection will be—my cheque.

It is many years since my holiday visit to that corner of Kent.

[Here the story really begins, and we will not anticipate the reader's pleasure by giving any clue as to Mr. JOSEPH HATTON's well-told story of *The Old House at Sandwich*. Order it at MURKIN'S, or get it at SAMPSON LOW & Co's, and read it with delight.]



"WHOLESALE."

Scot. (to Fellow-Traveller on Northern Railway). "MAY AH ASK WHAT LINE YE'RE IN?"

Our Artist (who had undergone a wide cross-examination with complaisance). "WELL—I'M—I'M A PAINTER."

Scot. "MAN, THAT'S LUCKY! AH DEAL I' PENTS—AN' AH CAN SALL YE WHITE LEED FAUR CHEAPER THAN YE CAN BUY 'T AT ONY O' THE SHOAPS."

Artist. "OH, BUT I USE VERY LITTLE. A POUND OR SO SERVES ME OVER A YEAR."

Scot. "E—H, MAN! YE MAUN BE IN A VERA SMA' WAY O' BEESENESS!!"

NO DANGER.

THE recent War-scare having caused some anxiety, it is satisfactory to learn that the Franco-German "preparations" have peaceful explanations, as the following table amply proves:—

Warlike Preparation.	Peaceful Explanation.
No Horse allowed to leave frontier of France.	Great scarcity of cat's-meat.
Ditto—Germany.	Horses required for bathing-machines at German watering-places.
Purchase of 10,000,000 rounds of ammunition in France.	Required for firing birthday salutes.
Ditto—Germany.	For preservation in Art Museums.
All Officers refused leave in France.	Wanted at balls as dancing men.
Ditto—Germany.	To prevent cash-squandering in foreign parts.
Acquisition of 20 Iron-clads by France.	Intended for use as penny river steamboats.
Ditto—Germany.	To be floated at Berlin, and used as barracks by the Shoeblack Brigade.
Mobilisation of the entire French Army.	For the sake of the men's health.
Ditto—German Army.	To see that none are missing.
Issue of a Loan for 100 Millions in France.	To be spent in renewing roads in the Bois de Boulogne.
Ditto—Germany.	To pay for new trees for Unter den Linden.
Ultimatum from France to Germany.	To prevent war.
Ditto—Germany to France.	To insure an honourable and lasting peace.

RIDDLE'S DICTIONARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, Dr. Buzzer's, Strickholm, Finchley.

I MADE up these two riddles last April, and I have determined to have them published. The fellows think them awfully good. You may wish to know why I made them up. I was making some mountains with a candle on the big map, when young JONES came bothering, so I didn't notice that I was burning a hole in the middle of Russia. Old BUZZER not only made me pay for a new map, but I had to clean the Steppes of Tartary as well, which certainly were in a beastly mess from the smoke of the candle, so I had to give young JONES a licking, and anyhow I owed him one from last term.

I remain Yours never-having-done-anything-since-erely,
JOSEPH MERCATOR MILLER. (M.)

P.S.—I have forgotten to send the riddles. Perhaps I had better put in the answers, as the fellows say they are very hard.

(a) What is the difference between a Baronet making butter, and a map on fire?—One is a churning Bart., and the other is a burning chart.

(b) What is the difference between a White Witch and a fire in a map-room?—One charms warts, and the other warms charts.

I will send you some more when I have made them up.—J. M. M.

Replies to Mr. Partington.

"ART Schools in Manchester!" says RUSKIN. "Pooh! Just buy my books, and read 'em. That'll do!"
"Why this complaining?" says Sir EVERETT, Bart.
"Study Punch pictures,—they will teach you Art."

COMEDY THEATRE.—First night of Jan was Fourteenth of "Feb."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 47.



HOUSE OF COMMONS DURING THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS. MR. NOBODY WASTING TIME.

Sketch by Our Sleepy Artist.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 7.—"As for cooing you gently," Colonel SAUNDERSON, said just now, as he gazed with softened glance upon PARNELL, "a sucking dove is a perfect screech-owl to him."

Strange indeed, the tone and attitude of the Irish Leader, especially for those who remember his earliest appearances. He and JOSEPH BIGGAR worked together then, now some ten years ago. Sat below the Gangway in close companionship. JOSEPH used to pair out on Blue Books; PARNELL depended on his own store of invective which was illimitable. A sight to make the SPEAKER shudder to see PARNELL with hands clenched, teeth set, hissing forth his hatred of the Saxon, whilst JOSEPH GILLIS, sitting near him, watched the effect with broadening grin. JOEY B. is now a staid Parliamentary man, with a high manner, based upon close observation of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and DAVID PLUNKET. And this is PARNELL—occasionally almost inaudible by reason of excessive gentleness, conspicuous for his deference to the Chair, and remarkable for his courtesy to opponents. In these days of grace, refrains even from startling nervous Members by personal transformation scenes. Once, when obstruction was at its height, and all-night sittings had become monotonous, PARNELL used to shake the Government of the day by suddenly appearing with the crown of his head shaved; sometimes his hair hung low over his coat-collar, the next night it was cropped close. He had, moreover, a suit of muddy yellow hue with which, when the Chief Secretary did not prove amenable, he was wont to sear the eyeballs

of the House. "All these things put away now, and here we have the smoothest spoken man that ever bearded the SPEAKER, or bullied a Minister."

Only once to-night did PARNELL return to older manner. This was when he observed, "I should like to ask the Government why Mr. JOHN DEVINE's skull was cracked?"

A solemn pause followed the propounding of this conundrum. HICKS BEACH, who had just arrived from Ireland, silently protested against things being put in this way. W. H. SMITH moved uneasily in place of Leader; HENRY MATTHEWS, pretended to be asleep; and Baron DE WORMS putting on his hat walked out behind the SPEAKER's Chair, winking at Right Hon. Gentleman, as who should say, "The Board of Trade has nothing to do with this."

Pity PARNELL momentarily lost his temper here. House so terrified and cowed that no answer was forthcoming, and darkness and night still broods over the question. "Why was Mr. JOHN DEVINE's skull cracked?" *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

Tuesday.—Always believed that, before the world was much older, Grand Cross would electrify the House of Lords. Since he took his seat there he has, with characteristic modesty, kept in background.

"No hurry, Tony," he said, when I ventured to remonstrate with him upon this loss to the nation. "My time will come. Meanwhile I sit here, bite my nails, adjust my spectacles, and look on. That has moral effect not recorded in Parliamentary reports. GRANVILLE knows my eye is upon him, and is careful accordingly. Often seen SHERBROOKE move, with evident intention of rising, and attacking the Government. I fix him with my eye, and he keeps his seat. As for speaking, I'll do that by-and-by."

By-and-by befel to-night. Effect volcanic. Came about this way. In Commons a Member may, and often does, explain a Bill on moving for leave to introduce it, a stage which precedes printing. The Lords invariably wait for speech till second reading stage, when the Bill is printed and circulated. That has been their habit for centuries. But Grand Cross is above centuries. Having prepared a Bill dealing with Glebe Lands, he made a long speech to the amazed Lords. In Commons, in view of similar breach of established rule, the SPEAKER would have interfered, or the House would have shouted down the bold innovator. The Lords simply sat and stared frigidly at Grand Cross, who accepted this attitude as natural and ordinary testimony to the interest of his speech. When he had finished, GRANVILLE, in his sweetest and most seductive manner, reproved the young Viscount's temerity. The Markiss came to the support of his protégé, and there was quite a little storm in the teacup.

"Of course I stood up for him," said the Markiss, talking the matter over afterwards. "I was obliged to, when GRANVILLE attacked him. But he must be looked after. He is too versatile, too emotional, too *spiritual* to be left without a guiding hand." *Business done.*—In Commons, further debate on Address.

Wednesday.—Still doddering along in speech-making on Address. No one pays any particular attention. SPEAKER takes the Chair at usual hour. Members follow each other, and being Wednesday afternoon, when the clock points to quarter to six, the proceedings shut up like a telescope. More interest in election going on in St. George's, Hanover Square (GOSCHEN calls HATSMAN, "the School-master abroad"), and in the news from Ireland. TIM HEALY is coming back again, and W. O'BRIEN, "will never come back no more." He has had enough of the House of Commons. Not sure that the feeling of repletion isn't mutual. However it be, O'BRIEN turns his back on House of Commons, and we must get on as best we can. *Business done.*—None.



"Such Larks!"

GOSCHEN didn't improve during moments of waiting. Wrung his hands piteously, fumbled with his eyeglass, and looked unutterably miserable. "CESAR," said PLUNKET, "looks as if we had come to bury him, instead of to applaud."

At signal from SPEAKER new Member advanced, amid storm of cheers from Conservatives and hurricane of howls from Irish Members. JOSEPH GILLIS, his face illumined with a strange weird light, yelled, "Yah! yah!" Then the scene changed. GOSCHEN took seat on Treasury Bench, and TIM HEALY, personally conducted by JOSEPH GILLIS, advanced to the table amid thunderous cheers from the Irish Camp, and mocking laughter from the Conservatives. The "Sheaves" came after, amid renewed counter-demonstration, after which the House quietly set itself to putting and answering questions, as if nothing particular had happened. *Business done.*—More talk on the Address.

Friday.—The long course of speechmaking on the Address flashed up to-night in momentary flame. At outset Wind-Bag SEXTON nearly put it out altogether. Began soon after five and talked the House empty into the dinner hour. This a little hard on Home Secretary, who followed. Though House otherwise empty, Irish Members remained, and kept up a running commentary through his speech.

Getting on to midnight when HARCOURT rose. Scene changed. Members, having leisurely dined, back again ready to be amused or interested. HARCOURT in good form. Usual effect of irritating gentlemen opposite, who treated him something after fashion Parnellites comport themselves during speech of Irish Secretary. Howled and jeered, and more than once maliciously broke in upon carefully constructed sentence. HARCOURT had with great care prepared impressive impromptu for peroration. Speaking of Conservative Policy in Ireland he was to have said—"You are going the old way. It is a road strewn with the carcasses of many defeated administrations, and my belief is that your bones, too, will whiten it." This an echo of BRIGHT's style. BRIGHT might have

spoken it, and created a profound impression. House would not have it from HARCOURT. Broke in with shout of ribald laughter, and the carefully written-out impromptu on the notes not recited farther than the word "bones."

Business done.—FARNELL's Amendment to Address rejected by 352 votes against 246.

THE WOMAN AND THE LAW!

(A True Story told before Mr. Justice Hawkins at the recent Liverpool Assizes—vide Daily Telegraph, Feb. 8.)

IN the criminal dock stood a woman alone,
To be judged for her crime, her one fault to repair,
And the man who gave evidence sat like a stone,
With a look of contempt for the woman's despair!
For the man was a husband, who'd ruined a life,
And broken a heart he had found without flaw;
He demanded the punishment due from the wife
Who was only a Woman! whilst his was the Law!

A terrible silence then reigned in the Court,
And the eyes of humanity turned to the dock,
Her head was bent down, and her sobbing came short,
And the gaoler stood ready, with hand on the lock
Of the gate of despair, that would open no more
When this wreckage of beauty was hurried away!
"Let me speak," moan'd the woman, "my Lord, I implore!"
"Yes, speak," said the Judge. "I will hear what you

"I was only a girl when he stole me away
From the home and the mother who loved me too well;
But the shame, and the pain, I have borne since that day,
Not a pitying soul who now listens can tell!
There was never a promise he made but he broke;
The bruises he gave I have covered with shame;
Not a tear, not a pray'r, but he scorn'd as a joke!
He cursed at my children, and sneered at my fame!

"The money I'd slav'd for and hoarded, he'd rob;
I have borne his reproaches when maddened with drink;
For a man there is pleasure, for woman a sob;
It is he who may slander, but she who must think!
But at last came the day when the Law gave release,
Just a moment of respite from merciless fate,
For they took him to prison, and purchased me peace,
Till I welcomed him home like a wife—at the gate!

"Was it wrong in repentance of Man to believe?
It is hard to forget, it is right to forgive!
But he struck me again, and he left me to grieve
For the love I had lost, for the life I must live!
So I silently stole from the depths of despair
And slunk from dark destiny's chastening rod,
And I crept to the light, and the life, and the air,
From the town of the man, to the country of God!

"'Twas in solitude then that there came, to my soul,
The halo of comfort that sympathy casts—
He was strong, he was brave, and, though centuries roll,
I shall love that one man whilst eternity lasts!
Oh, my Lord, I was weak, I was wrong, I was poor!
I had suffered so much, through my journey of life,
Hear! the worst of the crime that is laid at my door—
I said I was widow, when really a wife!

"Here I stand to be judg'd, in the sight of the man
Who from purity took a frail woman away.
Let him look in my face, if he dare, if he can!
Let him stand up on oath, to deny what I say!
'Tis a story that many a wife can repeat,
From the day that the old curse of Eden began;
In the dread name of Justice, look down from your seat,
Come! sentence the Woman, and shelter the Man!"

A silence more terrible reigned than before,
For the lip of the coward was cruelly curled;
But the hand of the gaoler slipped down from the door
Made to shut this sad wanderer out from the world!
Said the Judge, "My poor woman, now listen to me!
Not one hour you shall stray from humanity's heart!
When thirty swift minutes have sped, you are free!
In the name of the Law—which is Mercy—depart!"

SINCE Lord RANDOLPH's retirement many of his ex-friends have been "raising the cry of 'WOLF.'" Up till now the High Commissioner to the SUITAN has stood it like a "like a Lamb." Will he return?

BURGOYNE'S AUSTRALIAN TINTARA.



IRONSTONE SOIL

LIBERTY
BALL CHAMPAGNE

TISSOT FRÈRES'
EXTRA SEC OR SEC,
57s. per Dozen.

LIBERTY & CO.,
Spring Gardens, Charing Cross.

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

THE BEST
FOOD
FOR
INFANTS.

In Tins, 1s., 2s., 3s. and 10s. each.
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,
AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUEUR

IS THE MOST CERTAIN REMEDY FOR
THE CURE OF
GOUT & RHEUMATISM.

Wholesale—Paris, COMAR, 30, Rue St. Claude;
London, ROBERTS & CO., Chemists, 76, New Bond
Street. Prospectus gratis on application.

Decorate
your Homes!

The beauty of Stained Glass in every
house can be enjoyed by using
M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR'S
PATENT

Glacier
Window Decoration.

It can be applied to any window by
any person without previous experience
in the use of the article. Invaluable
where there are windows with disagree-
able outlooks.

Write for Illustrated Pamphlet (200 Illustrations)
and Sample, post free, One Shilling, from
the Manufacturers, M'CAW, STEVENSON &
ORR, Lincolns Works, Belfast; or to PERRY
& CO., Wholesale Agents, Northern Victoria,
London.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

Prepared by a new and special scientific process.

S. & H. HARRIS'S
HARNESS COMPOSITION
(WATERPROOF).
JET BLACK OIL
FOR HARNESS.
SADDLE PASTE
(WATERPROOF).
PLATE POWDER.
Does not injure the Silver.

Sold by all Saddlers, Grocers, and Druggists.

Manufactured by: 57, MANUEL STREET, LONDON, E.

HIGH-CLASS TAILOR
ON THE CASH SYSTEM.

DORÉ
TRAVELLING SUITS
and ULSTERS.
BEST MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP
ONLY.

73, Piccadilly, and
25, Conduit Street, London, W.

BAGGY KNEES AVOIDED
BY USING THE

"UNITED SERVICE"
TROUSERS STRETCHER.



From ANY TAILOR, or Post Free for 2/6, 4/6, or
6/6, from the Patentee and Sole Manufacturers,
GREEN, GADSDEN, & CO., Birmingham.

EVERY REQUISITE
FOR THE
STABLE
and
HARNESS ROOM
TO BE SEEN AT
TRADE MARK
MANCHESTER, 194, Piccadilly (Prince's Hall).

THE SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA.
"Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of Neuralgia."
—Lancet.
"Invaluable in facial Neuralgia. Has proved effective in all those cases in which we have
suffered." —Medical Press.
1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1s. Of all Chemists.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING, FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE, AND DOES
NOT INTERFERE WITH BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.



TRADE MARK
E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

DOCTOR
JOHN FRANCIS CHURCHILL'S
FREE STOICHOLOGICAL DISPENSARY

TREATMENT OF THE POOR,
FOR CONSUMPTION AND ALL
DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS.
BY means of the discovery of the
HYPOPHOSPHITES AND SPIRONE,
96, Marylebone Road.

DAILY AT TWO O'CLOCK.
During the short time this has been opened, the
following results have been obtained:—
TOTAL ATTENDANCES, 1886. Patients treated, 188.
CONSUMPTION CASES: Treated, 32; cured, 12;
relieved, 9; died, 11 under treatment, 12; died, 1.
ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS, 40; cured, 22;
relieved, 18; under treatment, 18.
DISEASES OF WINDPIPE, NOSE, and
THROAT, 31; cured, 20; relieved, 4; still under
treatment, 7.
WHOPPING COUGH, 17; cured, 13; relieved, 4.
Report free on demand.

For a Present at once unique and useful, the
Prometheus Shaving Lamp stands pre-eminent.

The Prometheus
Shaving Lamp
It is a complete shaving apparatus
in miniature, including, in a bulk,
small enough for the pocket,
Brush, Soap, and Razor, complete. Price, Nickel,
1s. 6d.; Silver-plated, 2s. 6d.; Solid Silver, 5s.
WILLIAMS & CO., 96, NEWBURY ST., BIRMINGHAM.

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
PAIN KILLER

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN
KILLER is the Oldest, Best, and most Widely-
known Family Medicine in the World. It instantly
relieves and cures severe Headache, Toothache,
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the side,
Stomach, and Limbs, and all Nervous and Rheumatic
Pains. Taken internally, Cures all Coughs,
Sudden Cold, Croup in Infants, Colic, Diarrhoea,
and Cholera Infantum. PAIN KILLER is the great
Household Medicine, and affords relief not to be
obtained by other remedies. Any Chemist can
supply it at 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

ADAMS'S
FURNITURE
POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.
"The Quaker" (the Lady's Newspaper) "feels no
hesitation in recommending it."
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Manufactured by—VICTORIA PARK, SHEFFIELD.

For
TAMAR
CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of
Appetite, Gastric
and Intestinal
troubles, Headache
arising from them.

INDIEN
GRILLON.

E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

This Food should be tried whenever
other nourishment has not proved en-
tirely satisfactory. It is already cooked.
Requires neither boiling nor straining.
Is made in a minute.

ALLEN
AND
HANBURY'S
INFANTS'
FOOD.

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the
digestive organs of Infants and Young
Children, supplying all that is required
for the formation of firm flesh and bone.
Surprisingly beneficial results have at-
tended the use of this Food, which needs
only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

Medical Testimony and Full Directions
accompany each tin.
Penny, 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., & 10s., Everywhere.

WHY Formed at all?
THE Wildest Scorn of the Natural
Laws
FINDS in a Sober Moment Time to
pause,
TO press the Important Question in
his Heart,
WHY Formed at all,
AND Wherefore as thou Art?
NATURE rules all things,
WASTE and Renewal.
VEGETABLE Mote.

TIME-CHECKING MACHINES.

NO Overpayments.
NO Errors.
NO Disputes.
Absolute Accuracy.
Great Economy.

Illustrated Catalogue on
application. (When in-
quiring price, state how
many to be checked.)

REGULATING AND CLOCK-
WORK MECHANICS
SPECIALISTS.

LLEWELIN MACHINE CO., BRISTOL.

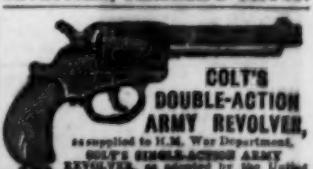
A PLEASURE TO USE.
Never Requires
Grinding.

REGISTERED.
KROPP
From all Dealers, or direct
from the English Depot, 31,
Fifth St., Soho Sq., London, W.

RAZOR.

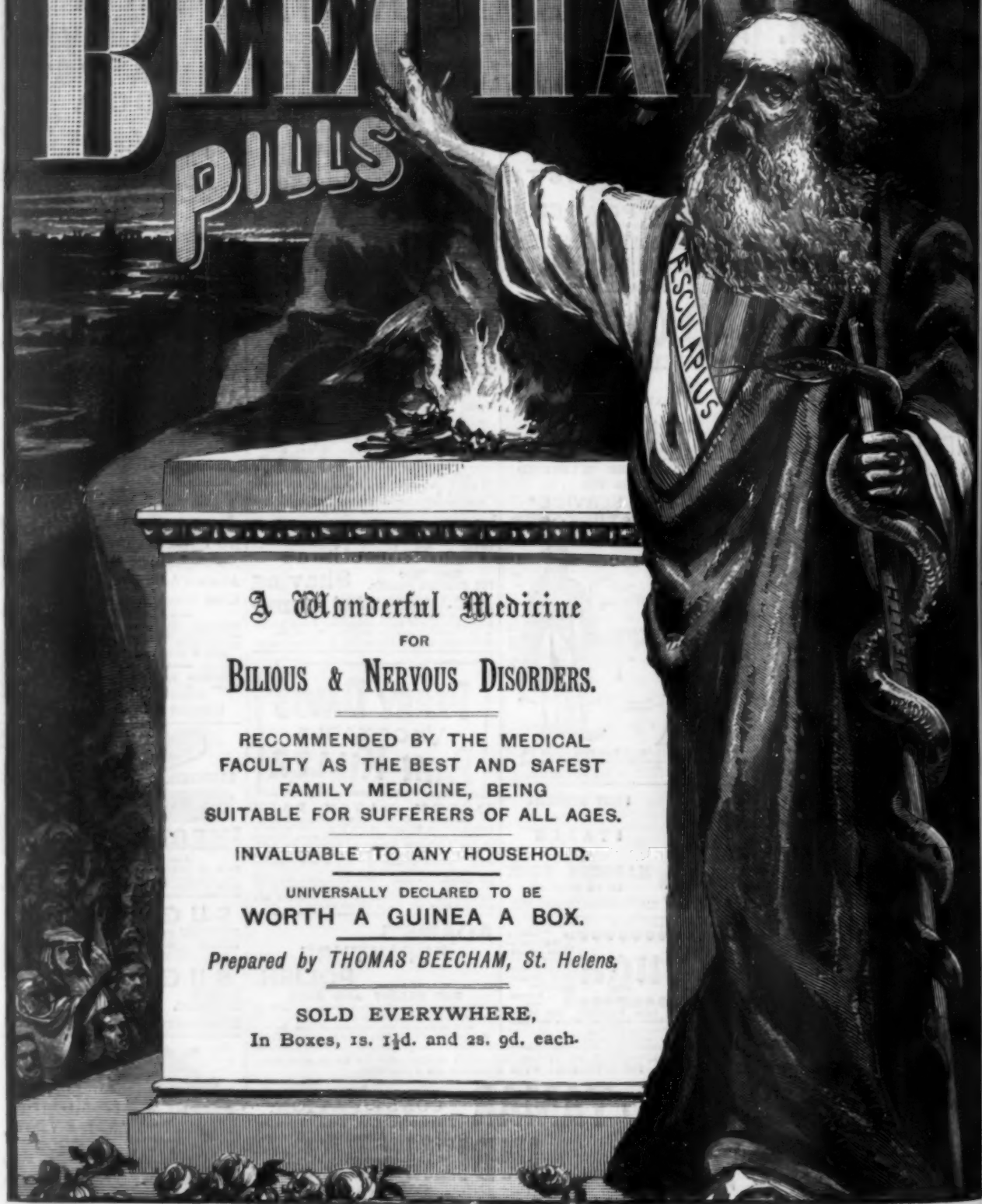
SUGG'S GAS
BRILLIANT
SILENT
BURNERS.

(SELF-GOVERNING.)
SUGG'S GAS
RADIANT
ECONOMICAL FIRES. (Self-
governing.)
Showrooms, CHARING CROSS.



COLT'S
DOUBLE-ACTION
ARMY REVOLVER,
as supplied to H.M. War Department.
COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY
REVOLVER, as supplied by the United
States Government.
COLT'S "TRANSIT" FIFTH, takes the Fifth and
Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, 44 cal.
COLT'S ROSS REVOLVER, POKER REVOLVER,
and DESIGER, for the Vest pocket, best quality
only. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world.
COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOT GUNS and
LIGHTNING MARSHALL RIFLES, for India and the
Colonies. Price List Sent.
COLT'S FIREARMS Co., 14, Pall Mall, London & W.
Agents for England—JAMES HUNTER & Co.,
Glasgow, Dundee.

BEECHAM'S PILLS



A Wonderful Medicine
FOR
BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL
FACULTY AS THE BEST AND SAFEST
FAMILY MEDICINE, BEING
SUITABLE FOR SUFFERERS OF ALL AGES.

INVALUABLE TO ANY HOUSEHOLD.

UNIVERSALLY DECLARED TO BE
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Prepared by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,
In Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

"THE OLD ORDER GIVETH PLACE TO THE NEW." The pictorial representation of Æsculapius, the God of Medicine of the ancients, pointing to BEECHAM'S PILLS as the sure fountain of Health and Happiness is a bright idea of the artist, and is warranted by the high estimation in which this WONDERFUL MEDICINE is held; not only by the disciples of Æsculapius, but by the suffering thousands of humanity all over the world. The fame and virtues of BEECHAM'S PILLS far exceed all that was in olden times attributed to Æsculapius, and they are known and prized in every clime and in every land. The subject is interesting to all, and especially to students of the social progress of the world.

Printed by William Smart Smith, of No. 36, Lonsdale Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Office of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 36, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.